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Judge

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WE BELIEVE Mr. Boulanger has died again.

* * *

PROVERB—Electricity always strikes several times in the same spot.

* * *

ONCE IN A WHILE wise men make mistakes; but if they are great men they never do, Mr. Halstead.

* * *

THE CZAR and the kaiser had such an intensely affectionate meeting that it is feared there will be war within a few days.

* * *

FREMONT COLE means well, but nobody can open his mouth sufficiently to swallow his head without being very sorry for it.

* * *

ENTERPRISE is good; but when the *World* employs two totally unmarried girls to go about buying bogus babies, that is carrying the war into Circassia.

* * *

NOTHING CAN reduce the admiration of a prohibitionist for his tail-feathers; but we should think the result in Connecticut would bleed his comb.

* * *

IT OUGHT to be an iron-clad rule that no progress in electricity or anything else shall be formally accepted until it is established that it won't kill the parties who want to or have to use it. That would seem to be a business proposition, because if they die they can't buy.

* * *

THERE WAS an intention in Mr. Hill's convention to leave Grover Cleveland's name as well as his chief principle out of the platform; but there was mention as well as repudiation of the two as a matter of second thought—precisely as Mr. Hill was mentioned and cursed with faint praise in the Democratic state convention in this city a couple of years ago.

* * *

IT IS DIFFICULT to estimate value. For instance, what Shanks of the *Star* lacks in purse he makes up in cheek. But we should think Mr. C. P. Huntingdon would get tired of paying him his salary and paying the cost of his mismanagement. Of course he mismanages with great ability, but that kind of cheek is too much of a luxury for a bogus millionaire.

REGULATE YOUR DISCOVERIES.

WHEN ONE considers the deaths by wire in this city one wonders that there were ever breakwaters against the Atlantic ocean and New York bay. Those waters are of great public benefit; but, after all, they ought to be kept within bound. An oven is a good thing for the pie business; but you don't burn up men and women to bake a pie, and properly-harnessed fire is as safe as a conflagration is destructive. Is it not amazing that, giving full value to the benefit of electricity, it should be permitted to run loose in this city like a wild tiger?

VERY ANCIENT PAIN.

"THE ANTIQUITY of colic" is a subject of thought suggested by the New York *Sun*, as a result of the statement that watermelon-seeds were found in an Egyptian tomb three thousand years old. We suppose colic is as old as the human race. It is contemporary with the race's birth. Adam had colic as soon as he was born, and Eve had it some time previous to her advent. The tadpole had it. The lizard suffered from it. But that watermelon-seeds could live three thousand years without sprouting or dying is so palpably, enormously a fabrication that it ought to be a part of the chronic Democratic platform of this day.

GIVE US TEMPERATE TEMPERANCE.

THERE is no question that the verdict in the New England states, and in the newer western states, against the intolerance of temperance, in the defeat of the proposition for absolute prohibition, is a popular and not a partisan verdict. Republicans as well as Democrats voted against a sumptuary and coercive edict. Without a large Republican protest the defeat of constitutional prohibition would not have been possible.

The three parties present to the consideration and judgment of the voter in this direction three direct and radically different propositions. The Democratic party, appealing to and depending largely for its support on a free-and-easy and bibulous constituency, dare not, without hazarding a party insurrection, do other than defer to and place itself under the direction of the compact and well-organized liquor interest. Their treasury is its treasury, and Bacchus is one of its gods if not its chiefest.

Among the ancient Egyptians, while Osiris was supreme over all, each geographical locality and each part of the human body had a supervisory deity; the chief of the minor divinities was "the god of the belly." While modern thought has exorcised the old mythology, there still remains, without ritual or idol, a vast body of its fervent devotees. There always have been and will be zealots, idealists and enthusiasts, aiming to expurgate all evils by human endeavor or enactment. Mahometism has its dervishes; the earlier church had its anchorites; the modern Roman church has its monasteries and nunneries, where the recluse, removed from worldly temptations, is protected from evil by prohibitory vows or prohibitory inclosures.

The doctrine of prohibition leaves nothing to free agency, nothing to the human will, self-reliance or personal judgment. It stiffens, slows and restrains the play of every muscle by the armor of prohibitory protection. It assumes that without this some stray or infernal shaft will annihilate the morals of the race.

It should however be remembered that the tyranny of the multitude, or of the monarch, always oversteps and defeats itself. The autocracy of Russia has its nihilism. Dictatorship of the many, or of the one, breeds revolution. The enactments even of the Decalogue are not absolutely successful. The crimes condemned still exist and have existed for six thousand years. Human assistance and restriction are essential even to their partial enforcement. If the voice of the people is the voice of God it is evident that the popular verdict is as likely to be transgressed as the command of the Deity. Evil of any kind is not suppressible by resolution. Intemperance is as old as the race. It is suppressible

1 So. Oxford Street,
Brooklyn

Oct 15th 1889

Dear "Judge"
Thanks without number for your generous contribution toward the rebuilding of Brooklyn Tabernacle. May the blessing of God be upon your Editors, Publishers, Type-setters, Press-men, & all connected with your great periodical.
With cordial greetings
T. De Witt Talmage

PRETTY HARD ON THEM BOTH.

LITTLE KITTY (*as Babbon and Crumley come in*)—"Oh, mamma! Ask his keeper to let him do some of those funny tricks he did in his cage at the park the other day."

---

if not extinguishable; it is controllable if it cannot be annihilated. The policy of the Republican party is the practical one. Impossible idealism must be abandoned. It is within the memory of mature men that inebriety was more broad-spread and general thirty-five years ago than it is to-day. The milder malt beverages were comparatively unknown. A glass of beer in country towns was as rare as a goblet of nectar. Whisky by the fourth of a foot was the usual measure of the usual drink. The introduction of the German beers lessened, and has, so far as their use is concerned, diminished intoxication. There is a limit to human saturation, as long as appetite will in some way seek indulgence, and the sedative beer is far less baneful than the hilarious and crazy juices of corn or rye. It is the opinion of a large body of thoughtful men that the best practical interests of society are better served by the absolute legislative control of the liquor traffic through restriction. Further, that temperance is helped rather than frustrated by the displacement of the stronger by the lighter drinks, and that legislation could properly be lenient in the latter direction. Make liquor costly and the non-intoxicant drinks inexpensive; limit the number of saloons in proportion to population, and true temperance will be the gainer.

Many men believe earnestly that if in the last campaign Senator Miller had held closer to the discussion of the national issue, and less to the emphasis of the demand for "high license," he would have won the gubernatorial honors. As it was, he neither satisfied the temperance extremists nor frightened those who did not regard the lighter beverages as baneful.

J. A.

ENTIRELY AU FAIT.

MRS. DE STANG—"Aren't you going to dress for dinner, uncle?"
UNCLE PETERS—"Darn it, I hev! You told me it wuz goin' ter be a full-dress racket, an' I went out an' bought th' fullest suit I could git."

"WHERE DOES Chicago propose to hold the world's fair if she gets it?" asks the Omaha *World*. Oh, in New York, of course. Chicago is not ridiculous; she's merely enterprising.

* * *

IT IS STATED that nineteen hundred editors of the Pekin *Gazette*, the oldest newspaper in the world, have been beheaded. That is a compliment to the Pekin *Gazette* which is equaled by nothing but the stupidity of the government which ordered the sacrifice.

* * *

TWO GIRLS of this city fought, and one killed the other. Now the killer is in perpetual tears because she thinks she is going to be hanged. Oh, Miss Anthony! you cannot make an entire ruffian of a person of your sex, and thank heaven it is only the other that can "die game."

* * *

IT IS TRUE that Governor Hill never drinks wine or the other inspiring beverages. But he by no means opposes them. "I found," said the young lady in her confession at the protracted meeting, "that my new bonnet was dragging me to perdition, and so I gave it to my sister."

* * *

MR. CLEVELAND says we should not extol honesty, because that is a public duty and a something naturally expected. That is so; yet one's eyes will glisten when he sees a diamond, and compliment for worth is so cheap that poverty itself can have its fill of it. And by the way, Grover, here is our compliment to you.

HUM OF THE COURT.

MR. WIGGINS predicts a hard winter, and will accordingly go through it in his summer overcoat.

WE HAVE seen a new play. It is so bad that all of it ought to be cut out except the exits for the audience.

SETH LOW, if we may be permitted the classical language of Columbia college, is likewise high and jack-of-the-game.

IT WILL soon be charged that Mrs. Burnett plagiarized in the production of the young man Vivian, but nobody will ever believe it.

A CANADIAN tried to dig up the remains of his mother-in-law; and as she had been dead fifty years they thought he must be insane.

EDWIN ARNOLD speaks appreciatively of the falls of Niagara, but he does think in his sleeve that they ought to have been born in England.

IT IS perhaps true that the editor of the *Star* failed to object when there was danger of his birth, but we must remember that he was very young.

THE INGRATITUDE OF THE TURF.

OWNER—"It's no use fooling with him any longer, Gambrill. Send him down to the city and sell him to a horse-car company. He's run his last race."

——"Well, gentlemen, I can afford to take it easy for a while. That horse of mine, Rakeitin, won me a cool hundred thousand this last season."

MARRIAGE is mentioned by the Minneapolis *Tribune* as "a temporary embarrassment." But that is not the question. The question seems to be whether it is an embarrassment for time and some portion of eternity.

A CRANK said to Elijah Halford the other day that he wanted to have President Harrison settle a church dispute. Elijah was so mad that he said with violence, "If you don't go out I'll settle *you*." "You are mistaken, sir," said the crank with argumentative persistency. "I ain't no dispute."

WHEN ONE sees large headings in a cheap evening newspaper he naturally expects to get news of a great calamity, and is disgusted to find merely that Micky O'Hooligan has made a fine race around the diamond; but how much better it is to contemplate these contemptible victories than those which involve a sacrifice of life.

WE ARE CHIDED by a correspondent for not giving the face of Shanks of the *Star* in the JUDGE; but we love Shanks of the *Star*, and the truth is the back of his anatomy is by far the better view of him. He never shows himself in that way but there is a feeling of sympathy for him which is akin to forgiveness. And besides it may be true that the Lord made him.

HERE IS ANOTHER of the sweet obituary poems of General Felix Agnus of the Baltimore *American*:

"His dear wife is sleeping so free from pain,
Oh, wake her not, sweet spirit, to suffer again;
She slumbers so peacefully, oh, let her sleep on,
Her sickness all ended, her troubles all gone.
Oh, think what she suffered, so racked with pain;
In the long weary nights we soothed her in vain,
Till God in his mercy sent a message of love,
And took her from all pain to heaven above."

But, though the lady is gone, we are happy to allay apprehension with the statement that General Felix Agnus is convalescing.

THE BEST TIME made by the ocean greyhound, the City of New York, when she ran aground was that of her officers and crew in the speed and amount of their objurgations.

IT IS FOOLISHNESS in the Buffalo *Express* to say the Buffalo *Courier* "has thrown dignity to the dogs." What under the moon and stars do dogs want of dignity?

THE PASSION of the young lady of the period shows itself, real or feigned, in the passion novel. The silly child wants to write something to make her blush when she gets old.

THE MAN who calls M. Halstead a double liar must be brought to book—or rather to newspaper. But, really, the statement is foolish because M. Halstead is not a case of twins.

NO MORE STAR-GAZING FOR HIM.

BLACK-HEARTED PETE—"Hold up!"
MR. BENTGOOD—"Guess not, young feller. I paid a quarter ter look through one 'r them telescopes back thar in Denver, an' couldn't see a blamed thing."

MAKING HIMSELF KNOWN.

CASHIER—"You'll have to be identified."
EMBRYO FINANCIER—"How?"
CASHIER—"I say you will have to be identified before I can cash that check."
FINANCIER—"You know Benjamin Harrison, don't you?"
CASHIER—"I've heard of him."
FINANCIER—"Well, he shook hands with me when his train went through Walnutville last week. Gimme fives an' tens, please."

THE MUSEUM OF THE FUTURE.

Visitor—"Ah! this is some dreadful special specimen from some idiot asylum, I presume; what are his particular characteristics?"

Manager—"He has none whatever, ma'am; he's the only perfect—absolutely flawless—Cronin juryman that survived the trial."

SHE WAS INFORMED.

Foodlebhoy—"Not at home! Why, I told her I'd call this afternoon."

Footman—"Yes, sir; so she told me when she gave me the message."

WANTED THE ROYAL ROAD.

MISS LILLY, aged three, was being initiated into the mysteries of the alphabet. In a few moments she refused to repeat the lesson and burst into torrents of tears.

"Then you don't want to learn how to read and amuse yourself all day with those nice fairy-books?" asked mamma.

"No;" replied Lilly, stamping her feet in a rage; "me don't want to learn; me only wants to know how!"

OCCULTISM IN BOSTON.

Ethel (six years old)—"I have secured mamma's permission to come over and spend the afternoon with you."

Mabel (seven)—"That's nice. You sit over there and read Gadbury's Genethlialogia while I finish Ptolemy's Tetrabiblos."

A SHOCK.

MISS GINEVRA—"Why, Mr. Chanso! I hardly knew you. The last time I saw you you were in evening-dress."

MR. CHANSO (*who is not a full-fledged society man*)—"Bah Jove! I must tell my man to p-pull th' shades down close when I have those p-pajahmas on."

A BUSINESS PARTNERSHIP.

MR. MASON—"We's kim t' git marri'd."
REV. MR. DIXON—"Why, Sam! how yo' gwine t' support a wife?"
MR. MASON—"We's gwine inter d' laundry biz."
MR. DIXON—"Yo' caint wash!"
MR. MASON—"No, sah; but I's gwine t' funnish d' s'iled clothes."

HIS TITLE.

Bobby—"Pa, what do they call a man who has two wives?"

Pa—"A bigamist, Bobby."

Bobby—"Pa, suppose he has more than two wives; what is he then?"

Pa—"A blamed fool! Now don't bother me with any more questions."

THE BRIEFLESS LAWYER.

Loq.

HERE'S a saying has two faces;
Either one my joy enhances:
"Circumstances alter cases—
Cases alter circumstances."

SOME NEW DEFINITIONS.

Equality—A fond illusion that one is equal to one's superiors and superior to one's equals.

Slander—A sieve that allows all that is good to pass away while it retains all that is bad.

Solitude—Our last and best friend.

A HORRID OLD THING.

She (during the honeymoon)—"And what would you do, dearest, if I should be torn from you by the cruel hand of death?"

He (naturally unromantic, and after a pause, during which he puts in some hard thinking)—"Why, bury you."

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

SHE sent me, in a sentimental letter,
A little curly lock of golden hair;
Some call it "tow," but probably I'd better,
In choosing appellations, have a care.
But what's the odds? It's just the same, you know,
Whether we call it "golden hair" or "tow."

I wonder if she fancied I'd go frantic
And press it wildly to my throbbing breast;
And always wear it, in a mood romantic,
In the upper left-hand pocket of my vest.
Pshaw! girls don't know as much of most boys' actions
As my old Tabby knows of vulgar fractions.

Ah me! it *is* a pretty little trinket,
Too delicate for my rough hands, by half;
I'd like to wear—now would you ever think it?
I'd like to wear it—I am sure you'll laugh!
I'll tell you if you'll never let it slip:
I'd like to wear it—on my upper lip.

What thoughts were mine when first I saw the treasure!
When first I brought its silver strands to view!
With what a sudden thrill of perfect pleasure
The ringlet from its envelope I drew!
(If she'd been by she might have heard me mutter,
"How splendidly 'twould decorate the butter!")

Ah! little curling lock, I *do* adore it!
I prize it as a most suggestive token
From her who in its native beauty wore it—
A soft, sweet earnest of a thought unspoken.
(But yet, however soft may be the curl,
I doubt if it is softer than the girl).

JOHN BOSS.

OLD CHOCOLATE'S JOCOSERIOUS CHAT.

DE WINTAH ob de lazy man's discontent comes once a y'ar.

Luck am laik de hen w'at lays a aig whar she dun seen one a'ready.

Many a man goes ahead on de theory dat a lie ull ansah de pu'poss befo' de truf kin be made cl'ar.

Ef yo' git a habit ob doin' wrong yo' kin w'ar out conscience. Wid much rootin' de hog's snout gits hahd.

Nebbah try fo' toe do w'at yo' a'n't fit fo'. De pig dat t'ought he cud jump obah de fence got stuck on de picket.

J. A. WALDRON.

GETTING AT HIS VIEWS.

Jack—"How is it, Algy—do you like married life as well as you did club life?"

Algy—"Yes; about the same."

Jack—"As I remember it, Algy, you never cared much for club life."

Algy—"No; never cared about it."

UNFILIAL.

MRS. BENDRIX—"I d-don't know what I shall do, d-doctor, if anything happens. Such an interesting child; and growing to be a perfect image of his father."

LITTLE NED (*with a slight attack of the measles*)—"I guess you needn't bother to give me any medicine, doc. I think I'd prefer to die."

AT AN "L" STATION.

Fond mamma—"Emily, child, don't get into that crowd. You'll get squeezed."

Emily—"That's just like you, mother. You never want to have me enjoy myself."

MR. HENPECK.

YOUR wife, who's never been forestalled,
Each year appears much frisker;
For when your head has grown quite bald
She takes you by the whisker.

EASIER WORK.

Old gentleman—"I suppose you get tired going up so many times in a day, boy?"

Elevator-boy—"Yes, sir; but then you know I rest coming down."

UNAPPRECIATED LABOR.

MR. BLOCKETT—"Miss Whiteley will favor us with a song, my dear."

MRS. BLOCKETT—"How awfully nice of her! But just wait a moment. Mr. Howders is playing now."

MR. BLOCKETT (*under his breath*)—"Is he? I thought by the sound he was *working*, and hard too at that."

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

JOHN was in business in the city and one day his parents, who lived on a farm in Massachusetts, received a letter from him written by his type-writer.

"Land sakes!" exclaimed the old lady, "how John has improved in his writin'."

ANGLO-MANIA.

THE prince of Wales may will and dare
To some eccentric garment wear,
A garment which of loudness smacks,
But which the Anglo-maniacs
Adopt with most complacent air.

The royal manner debonair
They copy, hoping thus to share
The homage which he never lacks—
The prince of Wales.

So it be English, naught they care,
From cut of coat to cut of hair;
Until in time upon their backs
They'll sport the stripes that English Jacks
As mutineers were wont to bear—
The prints of wales.

F. H. CURTISS.

WHY HE STAYED AT HOME.

First New York Anglo-maniac—"What's up, Dick? I haven't seen you at the club for two days."

Second Anglo-maniac—"Haven't you heard? Why, they've been expecting another riot in London and I didn't dare to go out for fear I'd get hurt."

IN THE LATIN QUARTER.

YOU wore a braided coronal
Of dusky hair, Vivette;
Though black your heavy lashes were,
Your eyes were darker yet.
A careless sort of smile you had,
As native to your face
As to the tender twilight sky
The first star's vagrant grace.

Those old Parisian days were vowed
To love and you, Vivette.
How sweet they were my colder heart
May never quite forget.
What feasts our meagre attic knew
Of bread and wit divine!—
I think you made the bread, Vivette;
The flowing soul was mine!

I sang you rhymes of his who said
He cared not who, Vivette,
Should frame the people's laws so he
Their souls to song might set.
I talked as Heine would have talked—
In fact my words were his;
And all Rousseau's expressions lent
Expression to my bliss.

Oh, lavishly my heart outpoured
Its tides to you, Vivette!
Oblation 'twas, but idly spilled
Before a statuette.
My Grecian mien and *son*-less purse
You scorned as coquettes can,
To wed rich old Pierre, who kept
A *café* in Moulins!

EVA WILDER MC GLASSON.

RIVAL SIGNS.

EISENHEIMER—"Vell, vat you goin' ter do aboud id?"

THE APPLICATION OF A LUXURY.

MRS. HANNIGAN—"John Cassidy, it's fooler an' fooler yez get ivery year! Phy doan' yez shling yure hammick in th' shade av a three?"

A LITTLE MENTAL ARITHMETIC.

IN A BAKERY.

"Please, mum, how much are those buns?"

"Well, my little man, I'll give you six for five cents."

"Six for five? That's five for four; four for three; three for two; two for one, and one for—nothing. Please, mum, one's all I want."

DIDN'T WANT THEM LABELED.

Stranger—"Have you any Irish girls on your books?"

Employment-agent—"Yes, sir; some just arrived by steamer yesterday."

Stranger—"Er—haven't you any with the label worn off?"

THE PRESS.

WHAT time the printer falls in love,
He sure can do no less
Than show his chosen lass how great
The power of the press.

AN UNFORTUNATE REMARK.

Bagley—"How's that pretty little widow in Harlem that you have been raving about lately?"

Bailey—"Oh, she's married."

Bagley—"You don't seem to have very good luck in your matrimonial ventures, do you Bailey?"

Bailey—"Oh, I don't know. You see I'm the one she married."

POETRY AND ITS USES.

THE heaven-given blessing of poesy is showered mainly upon females and advertising agents. To the female poetry is second nature; to the advertising agent it is so much a stanza. The chief end of poetry is, then, to harass the literary editor or to vaunt the merits of a brand of cigarettes or soap.

To most people poets are nuisances, the same as idiots and mosquitoes. The divine afflatus is no more respected than red hair or a bald head. Not alone have we heard of a society for the suppression of poets, but a law is about to be enacted making the commission of poetry a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both.

The only prophylactic to be used on poets is murder. When you see a poet kill him. Do not dally with him or reason with him or tell him that he can make more money breaking stones, but throw yourself upon him ere he breathes on you his mellifluous iambics or his dithyrambics sublimely grand.

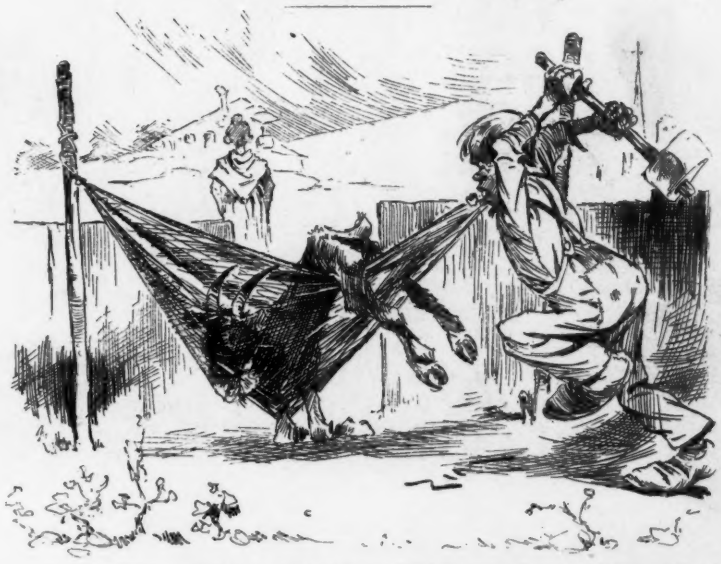
And yet poetry and poets have their uses. The junk-men look to the sweet singers for their prosperity, and to the local stationer they are salvation. The barber may hate them, for poets cultivate thick locks; the restaurateur may detest them, for they live on wind; but the "funny man" loves them, and no paragrapher is complete without them.

To those who, despite these warnings, insist upon torturing a long-suffering race, let us suggest these bits of advice as tending to partially allay the pain inflicted: Before writing take a walk of twenty miles, and after writing go into a monastery and—stay there.

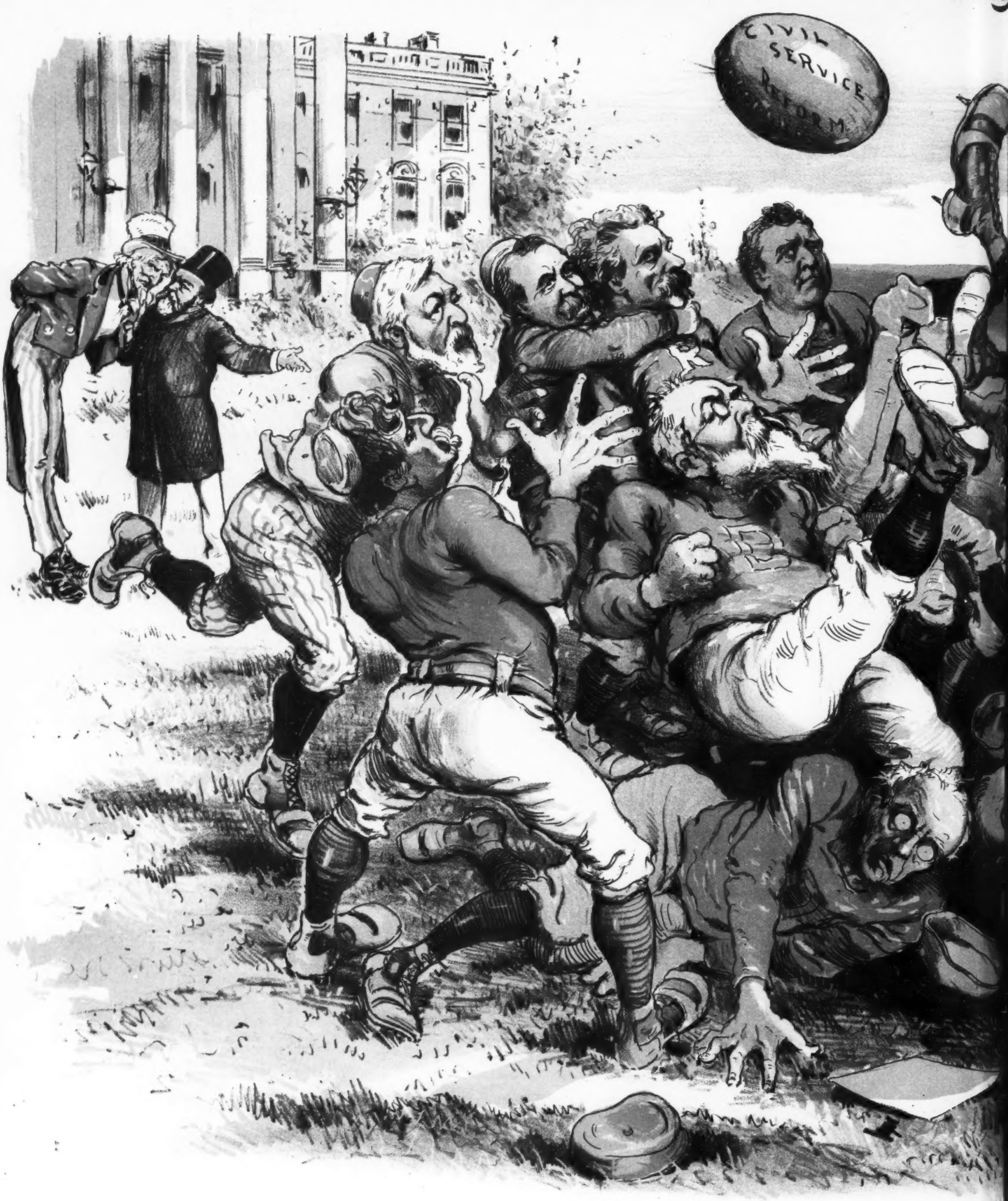
Here is an epitaph warranted to fit most poets:

Here sleeps a poet—in this graveyard where
Full many sympathizing souls have wept—
Well, let him sleep; I'm sure 'tis only fair,
For o'er his poems many times I've slept.

NATHAN M. LEVY.



MR. CASSIDY—"Oi may be fooler an' fooler, but, be th' powers! it's th' lasht visit Miss Hannigan's Billy pays me petaty patch!"

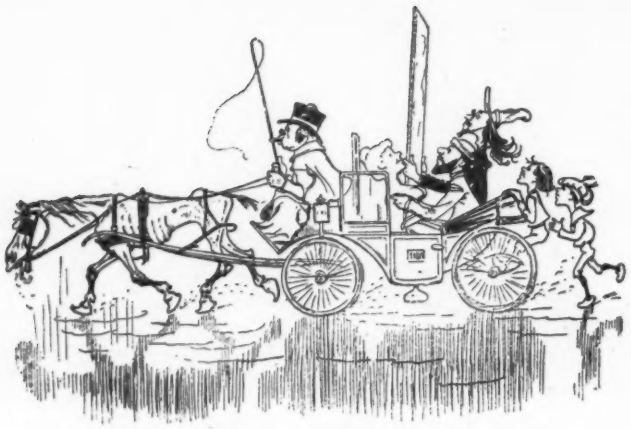


POLITICAL FOO

PRESIDENT HARRISON—"What can I when

TICAL FOOTBALL.

can I when both parties insist on kicking?"



"Cab-hire is high, but art is precious, Benvenuto."

The sudden stop.

TRULY WONDERFUL.

AROUND the stove in a country store.

"Well, talkin' about yer old people, my Aunt Susan didn't see fit to hand in her chips till she was ninety-eight."

"Oh, that was nothin' to my uncle; he didn't die till he was a hundred and two."

"Well, boys, my grandfather and grandmother did better even than that."

Omnes—"How old were they?"

"Why, they didn't die at all."

"Art is low, and so are horses, Angelo!"

AS EASY AS LYING.

A RURAL schoolmaster, the would-be wiseacre of the neighborhood, was relating in a country store the legend of St. Denis to a group of open-mouthed tillers of the soil.

"But if his hands were tied how could he pick up his head?" asked one doubting Thomas.

"Why, with his teeth, to be sure, numbskull!" was the pedagogue's crushing rejoinder.

SURE OF HIS GROUND.

Fleecy—"The dream of love is past. My wife is getting more distant day by day. She has lost all interest in me."

Downy—"Poor fellow! But are you sure?"

Fleecy—"Certainly I am. She doesn't care enough about me to blow me up."

AN AUTHORITY.

Colored man—"I'd like to apply for the position of editor of the racing-tip department of this paper."

Editor—"What do you know about tips?"

Colored man—"A good deal, sir; I was head-waiter in a Long Branch hotel all last summer."

WANTED PARTICULARS.

Miss Ethel—"Poor Clara! I'm so sorry for her. You knew that she had lost her sister, didn't you?"

Young Fitzherbert (absently)—"No; I hadn't heard about it. Where did she lose her?"

HER PAR VALUE.

Sol Tingle—"I was told to-day that that lovely Miss Perkins was worth more than fifty thousand in her own right."

Fidus Achates—"Humph! That's nothing to her pa value."

A POPULAR PLACE.

Gentleman (to French *chef* who has just had his hair shingled)—"Why, François, where has your hair gone?"

Chef (who has picked up a little American slang)—"Into ze soup."

HER HEAD WAS LEVEL.

"WHAT induced a married woman of your standing," said the newspaper reporter, "to leave such a charming family and elope?"

"Because," sobbed the wretched creature, "I had never had a compliment in my life and I knew if I did something atrocious all the papers would say that I was handsome and attractive."

WHAT, INDEED?

SOME one was saying before Jones that the best method of restoring those who had been frozen was to roll them in the snow.

"That may do well enough in winter-time, but what yer goin' to do in summer, when there ain't no snow?" commented that cheerful idiot.

EGOTISM.

Bootblack—"Shine, sir?"

Actor (egotistically)—"Well, I should say I do."

PURCHASING AN AILMENT.

Actress—"Doctor, I don't feel as if I could possibly go on the stage to-night."

Doctor—"What, madam, seems to be the matter with you?"

Actress—"Oh, I don't care much, doctor. Give me the worst ailment you can for a hundred dollars."

UNDER A BAN.

CLARENCE—"I was never so insulted in me life. That old pawty came along and hung his coat right on me nose."

WILBER—"Why don't you thrash him?"

CLARENCE—"Cawn't, dear boy; he's me tailor, and I have to let him do these little things if he don't dun me."

A NEW BRAND.

New bridegroom—"Some oysters, waiter."

Waiter—"Saddle-rocks, sir?"

New bridegroom—"Er—no, waiter; bridal-rocks."

DORÉ ECLIPSED.

Boston girl—"What terrible scenes Doré has pictured for Dante's 'Inferno.'"

Smythe (a traveling man)—"Yes, indeed; but you ought to be in Troy some day when they are holding a labor-picnic."

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

She can say "no" in such a low voice that it means "yes."

She can do more in a minute than a man can do in an hour, and do it better.

Six of them can talk at once and get along first-rate, and no two men can do that.

She can sharpen a lead-pencil if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.

She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a base-ball pitcher.

She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress while he is getting one under his thumb-nail.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband seventy years after the marriage ceremony is performed.

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her and enjoy every minute of the time.

She can come to a conclusion without the slightest trouble of reasoning on it, and no sane man can do that.

She can walk half the night with a colicky baby in her arms without once expressing the desire of murdering the infant.

She is cool as a cucumber in a half-dozen tight dresses and skirts, while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.

She can talk as sweet as peaches-and-cream to the woman she hates, while two men would be punching each other's heads before they had exchanged ten words.

She can go to church and afterward tell you what every woman in the congregation had on, and in some rare instances can give you some faint idea of what the text was.

She can drive a man crazy in twenty-four hours and then bring him to paradise in two seconds by simply tickling him under the chin, and there does not live that mortal son of Adam's misery who can do it.—*Boston Times.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Europe is basely ungrateful in pretending to believe that America should have remained undiscovered. What would Europe have done with its paupers and criminals had they not been shipped to Columbia?—*Courier-Journal.*

When you feel a general lassitude and breaking down of the system, Angostura Bitters will work a wonderful change. Dr. J. G. B. Siegerts & Sons, manufacturers. At all druggists.

Now across the backyard gate
Sounds the old domestic yell,
As Ophelia calls to Kate,
"Can't you make your jelly jell?"
—*Springfield Homestead.*

"DANDRUFF is the most frequent cause of premature **BALDNESS."**
"ITCHING is peace-destroying and exhausting to the vital powers, and breeds profanity."
SCRATCHING is like paying a debt with a note.
SHAMPOOING with

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

is a hygienic luxury, promoting a clear, smooth skin, healthful scalp, and vigorous hair. Invaluable for irritations of the skin incident to summer. **25 cents.** Druggists. Sample (½ cake), 10 cents, stamps.

Mention JUDGE.

THE PACKER MFG. CO., 100 Fulton St., N. Y.

YOUMANS
CELEBRATED HATS.
Style and Quality Unequaled.
180—719—1107 Broadway.

BARKER BRAND COLLARS ARE BOTH SIDES LINEN
20 CENTS EACH
BUY THEM.
TRADE MARK

"A refined and modest-looking miss loaded down with bundles," says the Philadelphia *Record*, "emerged from the Broad-street station and wearily took a seat in the corner of a Market-street car yesterday. The car had hardly started when the other riders were startled by a voice from the corner occupied by the quiet-looking miss. 'I just feel like h—l,' it said. Amid her confusion the young lady succeeded in clearing up matters and relieving herself of a terrible suspicion by tearing the wrapper from one of the bundles and displaying a parrot in a cage."

BERTON "SEC" CHAMPAGNE.

Case one dozen bottles, $30.00, net. Case two dozen half-bottles, $32.00, net.

THE CITY CHOIR.

Father an' me are gettin' old;
We ain't used to the way
Of goin' to hear the singin', 'stead
Of preachin', Sabbath day.

So when we was with Andrew's folks,
An' Sunday mornin' come,
We s'posed we'd hear the word an' jine
In the sweet hymns they sung.

An' when we stood in that dim aisle,
'Neath arched an' fluted stone,
A ray of light touched father's hair
An' his worn features shone.

The organ's grand an' solemn tone
Jest sounded like a prayer,
An' when it stopped I seemed to feel
Wings beatin' through the air.

"The prodigal," the preacher said,
"Of sinnin' weary grown,
Has left the swine an' now has turned
His face towards his home."

Then all at once the choir riz;
It almost made me laugh
To hear that young soprany shriek,
"Bring in the fatted calf!"

"Bring in the fatted calf, the calf,"
Implored the alto low,
An' all the rest jined in, as if
They couldn't let it go.

The tenor's pleadin' touched my heart;
A critter'd been a stone
Not to hev come a friskin' in
In answer to that tone.

Wa'al, pa, he sot with eyebrows bent,
Like bushes touched with snow
A-growin' round some sheeny lake,
Half hidin' its blue glow.

But when the bass had started in
A callin' for that calf,
He jist reached fur his han'kerchief
To cover up a laugh.

"Bring in the fatted, fatted calf,"
Bellowed the bass; an' stars!
Our grandson John called (half asleep):
"Grandpa, let down the bars!"
—*Grace D. Roe in Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething; soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

THE PESSIMIST.

The Best Definition Yet Given.

I would not be a beastly bee
If all the world were given me.
I would not be a bear or bull
If down on Wall street I'd a pull.
I would not be a cow or sheep,
A hen, or dormouse, fast asleep.
I would not be a dog or cat,
An elephant, a duck or rat,
And if I followed out my plan
I would not even be a man.
In truth, if I were wholly free
To choose my lot, I wouldn't be.
—*James Davis in the Commercial Advertiser.*

"The Italian who runs the peanut-stand at the corner of Woodward avenue and Congress street," says the Detroit *Free Press*, "was turning his peanut-roaster the other afternoon with slow and measured hand when an old women came to a halt and carefully observed the operation. After scrutinizing the roaster from every side she finally gave it up and remarked: 'No, sir; you don't get a cent out of me for such music as that. Why, I can't catch half of any of the tunes, and it smells as if something was burning inside.'"

The Kodak.

"You press the button, we do the rest."

THE ONLY CAMERA THAT ANYBODY CAN USE WITHOUT INSTRUCTION.

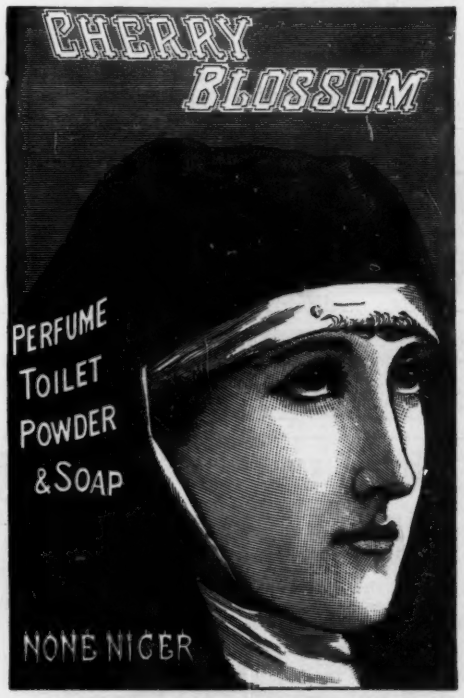
PRICE, $25.00.
Loaded for 100 Pictures.

For sale by all Photo. Stock Dealers.

Send for copy of Kodak Primer, with sample photograph.

The Eastman Dry Plate and Film Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
PIANOS
Are at present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.
Warerooms, 149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th St., N. Y.
SOHMER & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1318 Chestnut Street; CHICAGO, ILL., 236 State Street; SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club Building; ST. LOUIS, MO., 1522 Olive Street; KANSAS CITY, MO., 1123 Main St.



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

PREMIÈRE QUALITÉ CIGARETTE.

A SUPERB ARTICLE. The standard of purity and excellence. The faultless union of two matchless tobaccos prevents that dryness of the throat usually produced by smoking other brands. Do not allow prejudice to prevent you from giving this incomparable cigarette a trial. It is simply perfection, and a luxury, and not a low-priced article.

Our Vanity Fair and other smoking mixtures are the finest for the pipe.

16 First-prize Medals. ***WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.***

Stop that
CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For *Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility* and *Wasting Diseases*, there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

Scott's Emulsion

There are poor imitations. *Get the genuine.*

Darlington, Runk & Co.

IMPORTED

Coats, Wraps and Ulsters.

Our Importation of Fine Garments has been much larger this season than previous years. In our collection will be found a large variety of Novelties, examples of the highest class of garments from PARIS AND BERLIN.

RELIABLE FURS AND FUR GARMENTS,

Seal Coats and Jackets, Muffs and Boas, Opera and Carriage Wraps, Handsomely trimmed with Fur, &c.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER.

FOR BRAIN-WORKERS & SEDENTARY PEOPLE

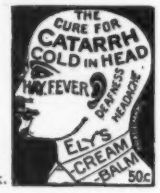
Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 in. square floor-room; new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Indorsed by 20,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors and others now using it. Send for ill'd circular, 40 eng's; no charge. Prof. D. L. Dowd, Scientific Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th st., New York.

TRADE E&W MARK — EARL & WILSON'S LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS BEST IN THE WORLD

Ely's Cream Balm WILL CURE CATARRH

Price 50 Cents.

Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., New York.



Warranted Free from Injurious Drugs.

TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

MACKINTOSHES. Cloth surface Rubber Garments for Ladies and Gentlemen **PREVENT** Colds, and attendant liability to **SICKNESS.** We are manufacturers' Agents, and will be pleased to send descriptive circular, giving Prices, etc. Greatest boon to mankind yet discovered. **COTRELL & LEONARD, Hatters, Furriers and Waterproofers, 472-474 Broadway, Albany, N.Y.**

If Bent & Co.'s Crackers are not sold in your city, please inform us.

The proposed pugilistic mill frequently turns out to be merely a wind-mill.—*Boston Courier.*

What next? The fiendish puzzle has got into politics. "Blocks of Five" they call it.

Late hours tell on a man, but he doesn't seem to care as long as they don't tell his wife.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"A thing of beauty and a joy forever" is the Little Bijou Grand Piano manufactured by Sohmer & Co. Call at the warerooms, Nos. 149-155 East 14th street, and see this wonderful creation of musical skill.

A hen recently fell into a hot spring in Yellowstone park. She laid boiled eggs for a week.—*Harper's Bazar.*

PROPOSALS FOR IMPROVED DESIGNS OF POSTAL CARDS.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF POSTMASTER-GENERAL,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 18, 1889.

In order to secure, if possible, an improved design and border for postal cards, sealed proposals are invited from artists, designers, and others, and will be received at this department until 12 o'clock noon, on Wednesday, November 6, 1889, for such designs or drawings for the purpose as bidders may wish to submit.

Proposals should be made on the blank forms provided by the department, securely enveloped and sealed, indorsed "Proposals for new designs for postal cards," and addressed to the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, Washington, D. C.

Blank forms of proposal, with specifications and information, will be furnished on application to the Third Assistant Postmaster-General.

JOHN WANAMAKER,
Postmaster-General.

SEBASTIAN MOREY'S ORATION.

I made a speech the other day down to the county fair—
My wife sez I'm a norator, I guess I be, I swear!
For I bust out with elerkunce so full an' strong an' rich
Thet I jest beat Bob Ingersoll an' Sissero an' sich!

I've speechified town-meetin' days an' made consid'ble noise,
An' stirred the waters of debate an' edified the boys;
An' I hev howled at korkusses an' made the mugwumps r'ar—
But my tongue wuz greased 'ith glory down there to the county fair!

The gov'nor spoke a purty speech, 'ithout much gush an' frothin',
Our congressman he tried to spread, but didn't say much er nothin',
Deacon Jones he made 'em tired, all the folks begun to go,
Then I heerd 'Squire Plummer whisper, "Let ol' Hayseed hev a show."

This kinder got my dander riz; by gosh, the shots I sent!
I filled my lungs, onhitched my jaw, an' then I let her went!
The people thought a thunderbolt had bust an' cracked the air
W'en my unmuzzled elerkunce went tearin' thro' the fair!

W'y, my lips seemed wet 'ith frankincense an' honey mixed 'ith spice,
An' ile scraped from the hinges of the gates of paradise;
An' thet ol' wooden platform at the Chester county fair
Seemed the ridge-pole of creation w'ile I wuz spoutin' there.

W'y, cataracts an' cyclones seemed whirlin' in my brain,
An' all mixed up 'ith waterspouts an' winds an' harry-cane;
My tongue it seemed a fiddle on w'ich whirlwinds played their tunes,
An' ol' St. Paul's Euroclydon, tornadoes an' typhoons!

My hair riz up, my coat-tails waved like banners of the free,
My eyes they squirted lightnin' until I couldn't see!
I flapped my hands like eagles' wings a-soarin' up on high;
My arms swung roun' the firmamunt, my whiskers swep' the sky!

When I sot down the air it biled, the people cheered an' cried;
The Durham bull he give one sigh, stretched out his hoofs an' died;
I poked 'Squire Plummer in the ribs till he wuz nearly kilt,
An' axed him, "How's ol' Hayseed now?"—you ort to see him wilt!

—*S. W. Foss in the Yankee Blade.*

Exquisitely perfumed. Removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow Thick, Soft, and Beautiful.

Price, 50 cents. All Druggists.

BARCLAY & Co., New York.

Crosse & Blackwell's

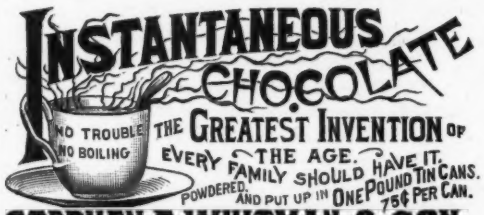
FRESH FRUIT JAMS,

Made from English Fresh Fruits

AND REFINED SUGAR,

Are Sold by all Grocers

IN THE UNITED STATES.



STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
INVENTORS AND SOLE MAN'FS. PHILADELPHIA.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

SPECIAL.—We will send by mail a **trial order** of 3½ lbs. on receipt of $2.00. Name the kind of tea you are accustomed to using. Greatest inducement ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated **Teas and Coffees,** and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, or Webster's Dictionary. For full particulars address

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.

CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10 or $3.50 for a retail box, by express, prepaid west of New York and east of Denver, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once. Address **C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago**

KNOX'S WORLD-RENOWNED HATS.

ABSOLUTELY PERFECT.

Retail stores, 212 Broadway, corner Fulton st.; 194 5th ave. under Fifth Avenue Hotel; 340 Fulton st., Brooklyn, and 191 & 193 State st., Chicago. Agents for the sale of these high class Hats can be found in every city in the United States.

ONEITA

This wonderful Spring is located in the suburbs of the city of Utica, N. Y., and flows from the crevice of a rock 40 feet deep. Its value is recognized at home which should give it a tower of strength abroad, and it will be found the superior of any known Mineral Water for table use and in the cure of Kidney and other troubles.—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated.*

ONEITA SPRING COMPANY,
UTICA, N. Y.
J. M. BELL & CO., 31 Broadway, New York.

GREENWAY'S
INDIA PALE ALE, AMERICAN
DOUBLE STOUT,
HALF & HALF.
IN GLASS OR WOOD
Fully equal to the
BEST IMPORTED.
TRADE MARK
FOR Family & Club Use
RECOMMENDED BY OUR
BEST PHYSICIANS.
FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS AND DEALERS.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR
THE GREENWAY BREWING CO. SYRACUSE, N.Y.

LOWNEY'S
CHOCOLATES
AND
BON-BONS
BY MAIL, ONE AND TWO POUND ELEGANT METAL BOXES, POSTAGE PREPAID $1.00 PER POUND.
LARGER PACKAGES BY EXPRESS, CAREFULLY PACKED, 75 CTS. PER POUND AND CHARGES.
45 WEST ST. BOSTON, MASS.

DR. WILLIAM'S INDIAN PILE OINTMENT is the only sure cure for Piles ever discovered. It never fails to cure old chronic cases of long standing.
Judge Coffinbury, Cleveland, O., says:
"I have found by experience that Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment gives immediate and permanent relief."
We have hundreds of such testimonials. Do not suffer an instant longer. Sold by druggists at 50c. and $1 per box.
WILLIAMS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio.

STAR SPRING WATER.
Saratoga Star Spring Water for sale in bottles and by the glass by all druggists. Saratoga, N. Y.

CARL UPMANN'S
BOUQUET CIGAR.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
All genuine CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGARS have a band bearing his name, as in above cut. This is the finest three-for-a-quarter cigar manufactured in the world. For the past eight years it has been sold by the leading jobbers in the United States, and has steadily increased in popularity and volume, and to-day it stands without a rival. For sale by all **first-class Retailers** and by the **following well-known Jobbers:**
Ross W. Weir & Co., New York.
W. H. Fischhofer, New York.
Howard W. Spurr & Co., Boston.
Eldridge & Higgins, Columbus, O.
Henry Straus, Cincinnati, O.
Simon Baer's Sons, Wheeling, W. Va.
Ball, Barnhart & Putman, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Richard D. Bakrow, Louisville, Ky.
Garrett & Sons, Columbus, Ga.
Beerman & Silverman, Atlanta, Ga.
H. W. Bernheim & Co., Montgomery, Ala.
B. Kahn, Santa Fe, N. Mex.
B. F. Moore & Co., Nashville, Tenn.
Sprague, Warner & Co., Chicago.
The Western News Co., Chicago.
Geo. Wright & Bro., Milwaukee, Wis.
Jacob Wellauer & Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Harrison, Farrington & Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Jas. H. Brookmire & Co., St. Louis, Mo.
D. M. Steele & Co., Omaha, Neb.
J. S. Brown & Bro., Denver, Col.
Fred. J. Kiesel & Co., Ogden, Utah.
Idelman Bros., Cheyenne, Wyo.
T. C. Power & Bro., Fort Benton, Mont.
Lowenthal & Meyers, Albuquerque, N.M.
S. Guckenheimer & Son, Savannah, Ga.

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BROUGHAMS, COACHES, LANDAUS, ROCKAWAYS, STANHOPES, PHAETONS, CARTS, Etc., Etc.
R. M. STIVERS,
144, 146, 148, 150, 152 EAST 31ST ST.
VICTORIAS, CABRIOLETS, VIS-A-VIS, WAGONETS, SURREYS, BUCK-BOARDS, Etc., Etc.
IMMENSE STOCK, ALL GRADES.

STRONGEST In the World VIOLIN STRINGS. HOWE'S Celebrated No. 19 String, 7 for $1.00
Full set 4 Strings, 60 cents. Best Italian Strings 20 cents each. 1,235 Old Violins and 600 varieties Violins, Violas, Cellos and Basses, 75c. to $3,500. Violin Cases, Bows, Necks, Tops, Backs, Varnish, and all fittings. Music Books for all instruments. Best assortment, lowest prices in America. Send for catalogue. ELIAS HOWE, 88 Court St., Boston, Mass.

$3.75 A DAY And steady work right at home for any man or lady. Write at once. Franklin Co., Richmond, Va.

"SKILL IS NAE BURDEN"
COPYRIGHT
It's easy to use Sapolio in house-cleaning. Sapolio is a solid cake of scouring soap used for all cleaning purposes except the laundry. Try it.
The appearance of a house is the great test of the house-wife's skill. Those who use SAPOLIO are called skillful because their houses are always clean. You, too, can be skillful. A cake of SAPOLIO is all you need. SAPOLIO quickly cleans everything about a house.

SOME WESTERN WISDOM.

Homely people make the best friends.

The more wealth a man has the louder his children talk.

No girl likes to be seen carrying a corset-box on the street.

A loafer has no right that a busy man is bound to respect.

When a man sees a door marked "Private" he wants to open it.

You can't realize how few dollars there are in a five-dollar-bill until you break it.

When you see some children you at once begin to doubt the good sense of their parents.

Carry a dollar and a nickel in a pocket with a hole in it and you will lose the dollar and save the nickel.

The beauty of having children in the house is that whenever you want small change you can always find it in the children's bank.

A woman believes that there is nothing that the Lord will forgive more readily than the sewing of a button on an angry husband's shirt on Sunday.

We feel sorry for a boy. To be a boy of fourteen or fifteen means to be the occupant of the worst old lumber-room in the house. If there is any money spent on decoration it is in the girl's room, because girls are supposed to like pretty things and boys are "rough." The average boy carries a feeling of neglect away down in his heart, and this feeling often results in bad boys.—*Atchison Globe.*

"The Faithful Achates," a narrative by Anthony Gould, the author of "A Woman of Sorek," has been published by the Judge publishing company of New York as one of the "Judge Novels." The story is well told, charming and makes pleasant reading.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Call.*

The principal characters are three chums at college, and that the writer is college bred is plainly manifest by the masterly way in which he portrays the student-life. He is at times verbose and somewhat pedantic, which, however, is overshadowed by the unflagging interest of the plot and the keen analysis of human nature. The descriptions are vivid and dramatic, one especially—which is well worth the perusal of the book—where the rising tide envelopes an imprisoned man, and brings to mind the "Man Rock" in Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea."—*N. Y. Amusement Gazette.*

CARL PRETZEL'S PHILOSOPHY.

Schworeing nefer put a silfer lining on a feller's tongue, nor dook der ofercoat mit his tooth off.

Dhere vas plenty disabbointments in dis vorldt. A widow mit her two-hand honeymoon vas a lifely oxamples.

A Christian mit a conceited fhrame und shmall-waisted mind makes more troubles by a church house as sex infidools.

A Harrisburg, Pa., exchange is a very mine of verbal gems set on the outstretched forefinger of time to sparkle forever. Here is one we snatch with fearful joy: "The treasurer then extended the hospitality of the committee, which consisted of three tables loaded with fruit, etc." This is distinctly precious. Observe its adaptability. For example: "The burglar then extended the animosity of his companion, which consisted of two revolvers loaded with ball, etc.;" "the locomotive then extended the atrocity of the disaster, which consisted of two freight-cars loaded with ink, etc."—*Evening Sun.*

MAIL CHUTES AND FREE U.S. MAIL COLLECTION
IN AN OFFICE BUILDING OR HOTEL AS MUCH A NECESSITY AS AN ELEVATOR. WHY ALLOW YOUR MAIL TO BE HANDLED BY IRRESPONSIBLE MESSENGERS WHEN THE U. S. BONDED CARRIERS WILL DO IT REGULARLY AND FREE? NOW IN ALL FIRST-CLASS BUILDINGS. ADDRESS
CUTLER MF'G CO. SOLE MANUFACTURERS ROCHESTER, N.Y.

DOUBLE Breech-Loader $6.75. RIFLES $2.00 PISTOLS 75c
GUNS
WATCHES, CLOCKS, Etc.
All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for Catalogue. Address POWELL & CLEMENT, 180 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.
Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic and an agreeable stimulant." Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.
J. v. Liebig
Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label, as above.
Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists.
LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L'td, London.

SHORT CUT TO SHORTHAND. "THE NEW RAPID" System. Quickest grasped, easiest read and executed. Also Business Course and Telegraphy thoroughly and practically taught.
For Circular, address Mead's Business College, Syracuse, N.Y.

The Clements Safe
Is a wrought-iron, fire-proof, combination-lock safe; is made in all sizes, and sells from $35 upward, including cost of delivery at any railroad-station east of Rocky Mountains. Send for illustrated catalogue.
M. CLEMENTS, Cincinnati, O.
Established 1859.

$15 THE ONLY PRACTICAL LOW-PRICED TYPEWRITER
Catalogue free. Address Typewriter Depart., POPE MFG. CO., Makers of Columbia Cycles, Boston, New York, Chicago.

BEST MADE Fountain, - $1.50 Stylo, - - $1.00 AND UPWARDS.
PENS
Agents Wanted. Circulars Free.
J. O. ULLRICH & CO. 106 and 108 Liberty St., N. Y.

Wine and a few of Bent & Co.'s Crackers make a dainty refreshment.

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The hands were ringed that made the pies;
And worthy of a ballad
Were glances from the darlings' eyes
That fell on soup or salad.

Sweet voices sang the kitchen's praise;
The mothers said, "We owe a
Tremendous debt for all our days
To clever Miss Parloa."

And since that day we all have seen
At breakfast, supper, dinner,
Enough dire dishes served, I ween,
To punish any sinner.

But fashions change—let's thank our stars!
No longer in the kitchen
My lady's meddling finger mars
The handiwork of Gretchen.

The pots and pans are thrown aside,
And in fair Dora's bower
Another hobby-horse they ride,
From morn till sunset hour.

The favorite's name is "Dress Reform"—
And who will not indorse it,
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—*H. J. in Pittsburg Despatch.*

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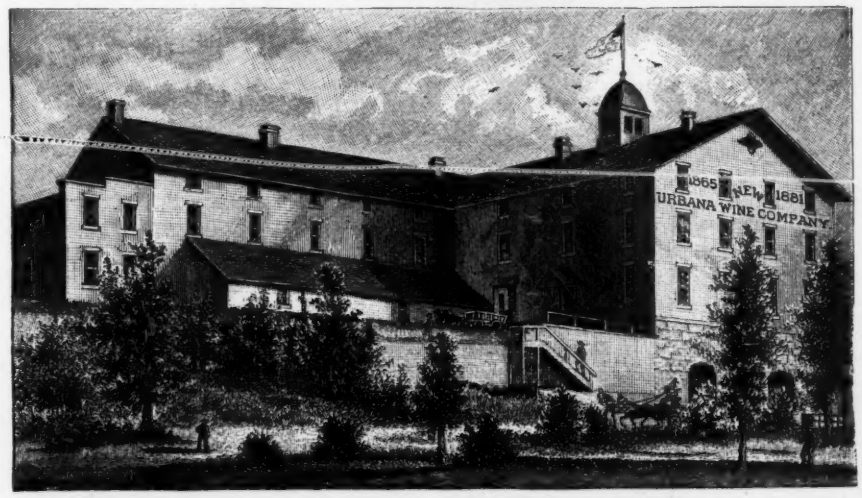

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